

### SPECIAL PLEADING.

Is you the judge on de place? I has a little case  
About this mornin', wha dat happened on de  
place.  
Ioudes but a minger, but I's fealin' all dissame,  
An' do way dat Mass Henry want' done dat is a  
shame.

had spring I had a little chicken, runnin' in de  
air took it to de quarters, say, an' lef' it off de  
ground.

Ioudes, I know de law says dat youing you  
belong to your an' me, so when de chicken he was  
shame.

A new day come? Tuesday, I was comin' from de  
air!  
An' happened to be in de quarters, say, to see what  
de law is to study bout what I's regoin' to do,  
and think, says I, "But chicken's gittin' big  
enough to eat."

so when I reached de quarters, wha, I says unto my  
wife,  
"Wha! What! tell a lie to jummas, and to whole  
say I to her, "the man's tryin' to tell lies now  
suth or nuth."

so I went to de Quarters, quick, an' put him in de  
polo.

she says to me, "I think myself dat chicken would  
be good to eat."  
But how! I givem' back him, when dare won't a  
bitch cook?"

And so he's cookin' with, I givem' him word for  
word.

An' then she she ready dat dat was when we  
cared.

has I to go kill dat chicken? Don't you think I has  
no sense?"

And I went to mine's workshop, inde exarns de  
house, and didn't see no one, but hear somebody  
spoke.

and so I left off work enough to durin' de week.

I didn't eat when I went an' fetched de wood  
an' all.

For every stick I's ported to nuttin' some other day  
An' then I kin' Chucky wood dat dat's the mornin'  
morn.

I'd like for you to tell me what de use of saved  
the wood.

Well, Chucky picked up de chicken, and she soned  
him, "I sleep."

Before he was burnin' feisty, an' de water gittin' hot,  
We took it to the kitchen, say, "Gone!" right in de  
chicken place.

An' all de smoke an' ashes come a blowin' in my  
face.

I thought it was deadish, and I checked me out to  
de off.

De smoke it come again! so I quickly drew my  
de wood, de pot, de chicken, dey was scattered hood  
de fire.

An' no, Mr. Chucky had important business at shadow  
De wood, de wood, de wood.

An' then was Mass Henry, just a hambone, hit us

all.

### WAS SHE A MURDERESS?

"Twill be charming," exclaimed one of a group of girls, as they stood at the school gate on a lovely June morning.

"What will be charming?" asked Eliza Collins, coming up only in time to hear the comment of glee.

"Why," answered Susie Carroll, "Mrs. Tryon has promised us a holiday for the last Friday of the month, and we are going to have a picnic. Of course, we will invite all the boys, and have a band and such a splendid time! I know one boy whose name shall be on the list. Whom will you name for an invitation, Miss Collins? Not the new preacher, I hope; guess you will, though, you are so good yourself!"

"Na, Mr. Hays would scarcely enjoy a school-girl's frolic, but I will put down the name of Mr. Sinton; it will be a good time to introduce him to our set, and give you a chance for another flirta-  
tion," Miss Coquette," replied Eliza.

"That Mr. Sinton," exclaimed Edna Harris, "he told my brother Will that he had never been to a picnic in his life; a young, too, and of age, I am sure."

"Of course he is," "Who wants to flirt with your grandmother, say?" I think he is splendid, and Judge Hart, in whose office he is studying, told papa that he will make his fortune at the bar!" Do you name down, he'll be the lion this summer," spoke Julia Lee, without a smile.

"What a novel hero, to be sure; fresh from the country, yet never been to a *picnic*!" but truly you are making a god of this lawyer's boy, eh?" sneered the haughty girl from Gordon.

"There is the bell, and lucky for us, Mrs. Tryon would soon have broken up this sordidly on flirtations and beauty, said Hattie Phillips, as the whole party moved toward the schoolroom, exchanging whispered anticipations of the coming event.

The day was ushered in by a lovely morning; a gay party of maidens and their attendant knights were gathered at the Newburgh academy; the usual amount of chatting and bowing and recognizing acquaintances and being introduced to strangers preceded the start for the grove. At best all need; the procession moves, three maidens leading, followed by a wagon with the well-filled baskets, guarded by a band of cabined fiddlers—remember, we're telling you of a real old-fashioned picnic. The grounds are reached, the company disperse themselves in groups and couples, the instruments are tuned, the bows drawn across the strings, the familiar strains of a waltz are borne to the waiting dancers, and soon graceful feet keep time to the inspiring music.

The "lawyer's boy" shock had solicited from his friend, Eliza Collins, an introduction to the belle, Irene Gordon. His attentions to her during the forenoon called forth many remarks from the rest of the party.

"How knightly our young Blackstone accepts himself!" sarcastically suggested Ed Howard, as he offered his arm to Susie Carroll for a stroll.

"Oh, yes, but he's soon tire of her; she is one of the kind who don't improve on acquaintance!" spitefully answered the little flirt, for she had counted on adding Paul Sinton to her list of admiring suitors.

Ella Collins had taken pity on an awkward youth who did not dance, and was trying to entertain him.

"Are you acquainted with Miss Gordon?" asked he.

"She is one of the best scholars of the academy seniors," was the answer of the charitable girl, determined to give her classmate credit for bright mind, though she well knew her unkempt heart.

"Who is the gentleman devoting himself to her, to the total exclusion of the many other beauties around him? I have never seen him in our town."

"He is a young law student, lately come among us. I thought Irene would be very unlike his choice, yet he seems quite fascinated," answered Ella, as her eyes followed the pair in the lively glances.

"May I introduce Mr. Sinton to you?" asked Albert Willis of Julia Lee, as he led her to a seat on a fallen tree, at the end of a quadrille.

"Yes, if he has eyes or ears for anyone save Julia," laughed Julia.

"Ah! there he goes off with the queenly Juno. What is the attraction, pray? They are making themselves conspicuous indeed!"

"Her beauty, of course, and an air of experienced bellezza. Mr. Sinton is a novice in city society, and Irene always has the first *deuxs* of strangers," replied the kind-hearted girl.

"Miss Gordon, I think, likes to count her devotes, and to count a large number of them!" said Albert, half aloud.

"For! Mr. Willis, that is not gallant, and unless you retract in the name of the cook, you shall have none of the fried chicken with which my basket is

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to her room.

stored!" demanded she, rising to go and assist in spreading the lunch.

Paul's continued absence from Irene displeased and alarmed her. At last she made inquiry of her father.

"Has anything happened? Do you know where he is? He must be sick; if so, I will go to him."

Only by telling her the truth could she be prevented from fulfilling her threat. The strict regime of a hospital was deemed necessary to the proper control of the invalid, and thither he was taken. At the end of a fortnight he was allowed to go forth mattheaded. His steady steps led him to the home of his affianced. He hoped that the cause of his illness had been kept from her, yet dared the cold welcome he knew he should receive had she learned the worst.

As Irene entered the room, the ghastly face and wild glare of her lover started her. But only for a moment; her haughty composure returned. She apparently did not see the trembling hand extended as he rose to greet her.

"Come, with you not forgive me?" It will not occur again. Your love will—"

"Paul, ask me not to forgive so deep an insult! Speak not of your love for me—I have none for you. All must be forgotten of past relations. The man who says with his lips he loves a woman, but by his acts has her subject to public ridicule—to the sneer and contempt of society—speaks falsehood, and can be neither lover nor husband of mine!" If, in the pursuit of an object, you cannot control a foolish habit, to what extent will you not abandon yourself after the prize is won?" Envy, love, marry a man who has been incarcerated in a public hospital for delirium tremens—a man who forges his own bonds, and then breaks them.

"Irene Gordon, you shall hear me!"

exclaimed the infatuated man, with bloodshot eye and grating voice.

"You know that your mate is a common drunkard of himself?" Never!"

She moved toward the door.

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